

wings of the stage and approached the chairman. The face of one of them seemed strangely familiar to me and his eyes twinkled as we looked at each other. Somewhere I had seen this daredevil with smiling eyes and a firm, tight-lipped mouth. The chairman got up and interrupted the screaming engineer. "Comrades! The representatives of the First Reserve Artillery Division in Luga are here to greet us!"

The man with the familiar smiling eyes stepped forward. He received a thunderous ovation! The Luga division had a formidable reputation, and it meant a lot to the Pskov soldiers to have it on their side. He began to speak. His division, he said, had sent him and his companion to find out what was going on in Pskov. Now he had seen enough to report that the Pskov garrison was a mere mass of hooligans. He had seen the Pskov soldiers arrest the Commissar of the All-Russian Executive Committee, an old revolutionary who had spent many years in the penitentiary for having defended the common people.

"I was in the same cell with Comrade Woytinsky, in the tower of Ekaterinoslav," he shouted angrily. "I was chained there, awaiting a death sentence. I know who is a friend and who is an enemy of the people."

Then I recognized him: Nikolai Komarov, of whom I had heard nothing since I left Ekaterinoslav! The crowd was silent. The guards posted behind my chair had disappeared. I stood up and held out my hand, interrupting his speech. "I am glad to see you alive, Nikolai. But I believe you are mistaken. The men here may be somewhat rude but are not hooligans. Obviously they do not want me to leave the meeting because they still have questions to ask me. Am I right, Comrade Chairman?"

Komarov resumed his speech. The First Artillery Division and the Luga garrison disapproved of the seizure of power by the Communists in Petrograd. The division believed that all political disputes must be submitted to the Constituent Assembly. This sounded to the crowd like thunder from a clear sky. It was easy for Pskov soldiers to choose between Kerensky and Lenin, but the choice between Petrograd and Luga was more difficult. Leaving the stage, Komarov gave me a sign to follow him—it was natural that he wanted to have a talk with his old friend.

We left the theater through the back door. There were many things I wanted to tell Nikolai, but he stopped me. "This is the end of your services in Pskov," he said. "The boys do not know what to do, but the ringleaders will go on. First of all, they will arrest you. . . . Perhaps in an hour or two they will send a detail to get you!"

He urged me to go to Luga at once with him and the other artilleryman, and I agreed. They had a car hidden in the outskirts of Pskov. As